

The Evening World

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THE UNOPENED MINES.

The Coal Trust cannot complain that it has not received full and ample protection from the State of Pennsylvania. At the first symptom of violence a sufficient force of troops was immediately sent to the scene of disturbance, and more are ready to go if wanted. There is not the slightest pretext for assuming that the operators are restrained or prevented from opening the mines by the fear of violence or forcible opposition.

Then why are the mines not opened? For the past two weeks we have had promises and evasions, and meanwhile every industry dependent on anthracite is suffering from the effects of the coal famine, and the city of New York, which is the principal consumer, is paying extortion prices for an inadequate supply, which we are now told is to be even further curtailed.

Could there be a more conspicuous instance of the insolence of successful monopoly than this refusal of the Coal Trust to reopen the mines?

The Block System.—The Manhattan "L" road has adopted a block system of its own which is now in full operation. Whenever a block occurs at any part of the line the whole line is blocked at once. This invariably happens during the rush hours.

THE RIOT HEARING.

There can be no objection to the decision of Commissioner Partridge to take the testimony of the policemen who are accused of clubbing in the recent riot before preferring charges against them, and in adjourning the hearing for that purpose Inspector Brooks has merely carried out the instructions of his superior.

But the case is important enough to demand a speedy settlement and no good reason has been shown why it should have been adjourned until Friday. Unnecessary delay in a matter of this kind can serve no interest of justice.

The Uncivilized Mexican.—The Mexican has not yet reached the higher state of civilization. At Los Angeles, Cal., a Mexican lad was killed by a car in the railway yards, and a mob of one hundred Mexican laborers tried to lynch the train crew. Just one boy, and how numerous they are in the streets of New York on trolley tracks!

A PASSING AUTOMOBILE.

A vehicle passed through Port Washington, L. I., last night and left a trail of accident and disaster behind it like the wake of a ship. It was an automobile pursuing the even tenor of its way, but from the terror it caused it might have been a juggernaut running amuck. Before the machine had reached the city limits it had caused five runaways, whereby four wagons were almost completely wrecked and a woman seriously injured.

The multiplication of the automobile makes it more and more a menace on public highways. A drive of a few miles on a Jersey or Long Island turnpike on Sunday means the passing of a score at least of the noisy power vehicles, and it is a seasoned old family Dobbin that does not shy at them, or, in the case of a racing machine, seek security in flight. Such a machine is to all intents and purposes a locomotive and encountered at close quarters, it tries the nerve of the staidest horse. Inexpert drivers with nervous horses in an encounter of this sort are caught in a predicament from which only good luck can rescue them. Their wives find greater comfort in staying at home.

ONE TRUST THAT FAILED.

From Baltimore comes the welcome news that the Ice Trust, as far as that city is concerned, is a total failure, and at nearly every point this discredited and disreputable device of extortion is tottering to its fall.

It cannot fall too soon, nor can its ruin be too complete. Of all the trust brood the Ice Trust is the most petty, the most contemptible, the most vicious and the most criminal. Only the most callous and brutal inhumanity could attempt to monopolize a commodity which is especially the solace of sickness and poverty during the summer heat in our large cities.

But we do not notice that the failure of the Ice Trust is to be credited to any effort of authority or enforcement of law, and the promoters of it have presumably not lost their standing in business circles.

TWO FORTUNATE SENIORS.

The contrasted views of two eminent authorities on the question of the right employment of one's old age are presented in the news of yesterday. At Saratoga William C. Whitney, having laid aside all business cares at sixty, is made the hero of the day in appreciation of his services in building up the sport of horse racing. In New York Russell Sage, at the age of eighty-six, celebrates his birthday by putting in a day's work at his office as usual and incidentally collecting his \$10 gold pieces for attending his various directors' meetings.

Popular sentiment will probably declare that Mr. Whitney has chosen the wiser part, but if the test of wisdom is furnished by the resultant happiness Mr. Sage is quite as fully entitled to the award. His happiness is wholly untroubled and his satisfaction with himself is enhanced by the reflection that in keeping his money employed he is serving a useful business purpose.

This leaves it still an open question as to whether it is better for the successful man to retire or to continue at work until the end, or perhaps it may be settled by deciding that it is a question of temperament and that there is more than one way of being happy though old.

A FUTURE FITZSIMMONS.

The Sunday papers used to print pictures of Terry McGovern's infant child in precocious athletic attitudes that promised future greatness in the prize ring. His nose has been put out of joint, as it were, by the prowess of little Harold Hartshorne in "doing up" his governess. Harold, at the kindergarten age of nine, has a remarkable knockout to his credit. According to the allegation of the governess, Miss Bentz, Harold "knocked her down, beat her about the head and back, jumped upon her and kicked her." The result has been a nervous disease for which she asks the modest compensation of \$50,000.

The boy being father to the man, we can look for a Fitzsimmons in Harold by the time he is fifteen and see him at twenty a Jeffries. What an uppercut will be his, how he can soak his prize-ring antagonist in the slats who can do what he has done at the cullow age of nine! Some school ought to bid for Harold to train him up for a college career rush or all-around strong man. A career of great physical usefulness awaits him if his natural energy can be directed in the right line.

The Funny Side of Life.

JOKES OF OUR OWN.

LOTS OF STANDING ROOM.
Though the grand-stand prices bar you
When at ball the Leaguemen play,
You'll find no trouble getting
In the "L" grand stand each day.

TEETH DRAWN.
"My boy has a real talent for drawing."
"Why not get him a job as tooth-puller
with some dentist?"

DOMESTIC MAN.
"Did your husband leave you much?"
"Only two or three times."

EXTENUATION.
"Smith says you're a liar."
"Where is he? Let me once get my
hands on him and—"
"Yes, he says you're a prince of good
fellows and a white man clear through,
but an awful liar."

BORROWED JOKES.
HIMSELF TO BLAME.
Anxious Father—Do the best you can
for him, doctor. That is all I can ask
if it is the will of Providence.
Surgeon—Don't try to place the re-
sponsibility on Providence in this case.
Mr. McJones. You bought the toy pis-
tol for the boy yourself—Chicago Tri-
bune.

GENUINE BARGAIN.
Edgar—Well, Ethel, what did you find
at that wonderful fire sale?
Ethel—Oh, Edgar, I got some lovely
silk stockings at 17 cents a pair! There
is not a thing the matter with them ex-
cept the feet are burned off—Detroit
Free Press.

WANTED A HOME.
Irate Father—Young man, if my
daughter marries you I will cut her off
without a cent.
Sultor—Oh, that's all right, sir; we
don't care so much about money; all we
expect of you is to give us a good
home.—Boston Post.

ABSENT-MINDED BEGGAR.
"Have you really no affection for any
other girl, dear?" she asked of her
fiance.
"No," replied the drug clerk, absent-
mindedly, "but I have something just
as good."—Philadelphia Press.

SOMEBODIES.

ALEXANDER, MRS.—the famous Eng-
lish novelist, who has just died, had
only recently finished a story entitled
"Stronger than Love."

BEARDSHEAR, DR. W. M.—the well-
known educator and former President
of the National Educational Associa-
tion, is dangerously ill from overwork.

FERRIS, COL. A. C.—of Hackensack,
who first used petroleum as a light, has
just died at the age of eighty-four.
Most people who have used it for
lighting fires passed away suddenly at
an earlier age.

HERZL, DR.—the Zionist leader, is
about to confer, by appointment, with
the Sultan on plans for the immigra-
tion of Hebrews to Palestine.

NATHALIE, EX-QUEEN—of Servia, is
said to intend taking the veil as a nun.
ROCKEFELLER, JOHN D.—shows his
known aversion for automobiles by
barring such vehicles from the five
miles of private driveways on his Po-
cantic Hills estate.

FISHING TIME.

I cannot fix my mind to-day
On what I have to do;
A picture haunts my inner eye
Of waters swift and blue.
My fingers itch to cast a fly.
The bells of memory chime
And call me to the woods and fields
For this is fishing time.

I dream of mossy stepping-stones
In lazy amber brooks.
Of grassy banks with blossoms
Bright.
And silent, shady nooks,
Where I forget the world of toil
And wash away its grime
In crystal depths of running streams
That sing of fishing time.

I long to see the sunfish play,
The minnows' merry school,
The trout beneath the shelving bank
Or in his favorite pool.
And all the silver finny folk
That throng the watery clime;
So hand me out the old brown coat
I keep for fishing time.
—Minna Irving, in Leslie's Weekly.

WILL GALLAGHER STRIKE OUT, TOO?



The bleacheries are rooting and the fish horns are a-tooting.
And doughty Batsman Gallagher's prepared to do his best.
Will he swat the "Red Light" missile? Or is it likely this'll
Prove another case of "strike out" like O'Reilly's and the rest?

QUICK REPLY.



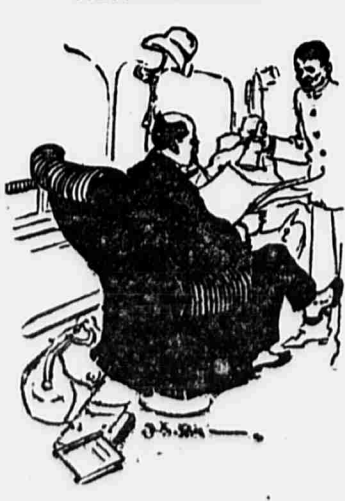
Mr. Jerome—So you were one of
the little boys who hunted the puma.
Were you one of its captors, too?
Bronx Billy—I come a blame sight
nearer keelha'n' it than you'll ever
come ter kitchin' the Tiger.

SEA BEACH SARCASM.



Her Darling—Jesse is getting young
again. He said last evening he was
only twenty-seven.
His Pet—He certainly acts like two
and seven.

REASSURING.



Passenger—Does this car go right
through?
Porter—Not always, sah. Sometimes
de reach cah telephones dis one, sah.

CHARACTER READING.



Office Boy—I let de dressy gent
wit' de big watch chain wait for
you, but I told de shabby old guy
you was out.
The Boss—You young imp! Your
'dressy gent' is a lively-bill collector
and the 'shabby guy' is Hoards the
millionaire!

THE SEAT OF PAIN.



Biff—Green called me a liar yester-
day.
Bang—Did he hurt your feelings.
Biff—Not half as bad as I hurt
his jaw.

COULDN'T THINK OF IT.



Victim—Lemme off this time, kind
Mr. Fox.
Fox—Can't. Doctor told me I
needed a hare tonic.

ODDITY CORNER.

FRESH AIR.

Fresh air con-
tains about three
parts of carbonic
acid in 10,000, re-
spired air about 441
parts, and about
five parts will
cause the air of a
room to become
"close."

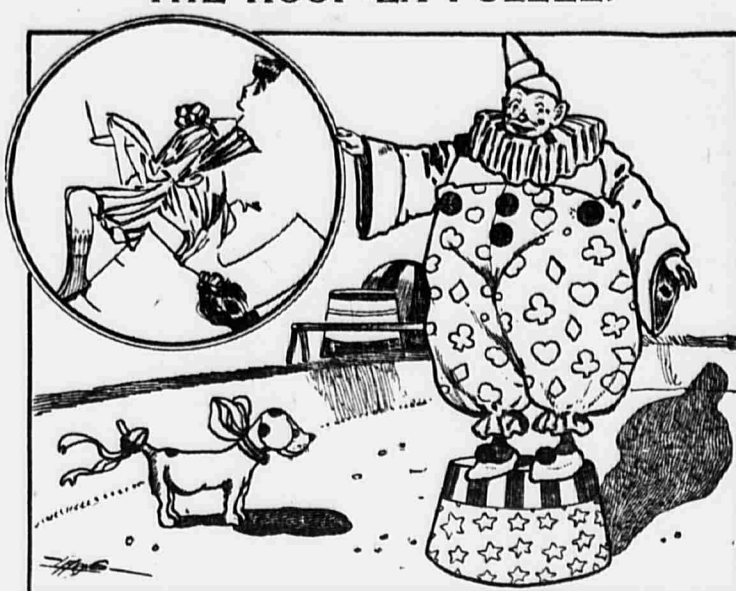
LOBSTER.

American canned
lobster is wanted
everywhere in
Germany, but
there is no efficient
connection be-
tween dealers and
American producer.

CORDITE.

Cordite, which
has been used in
the British service
for a dozen years,
has been con-
demned by a com-
mission appointed
to investigate its
effect upon arms.

THE HOOP-LA PUZZLE.

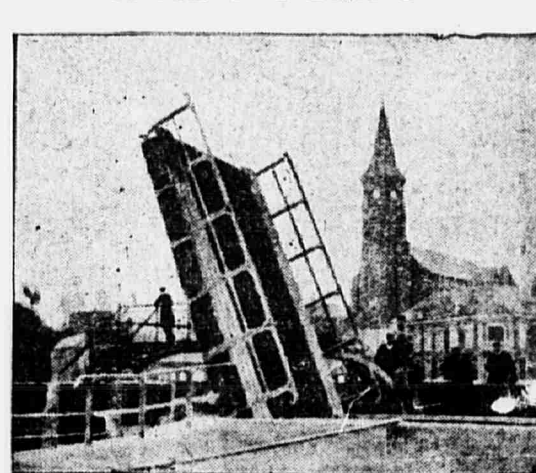


Ye beaming clown, in latest cut trousers and war paint, high holds the hoop
through which ye fairie demose of ye great white canvas has just gyrated.
The midair flight has torn the paper within the ring. Arrange the disks in the
hoop in such a manner as to make the equestrienne complete again.

MANILA'S FIRE ALARMS.

The fire and police alarm system which
has been expected here for some time will
arrive in the city to-morrow, after which
the work of putting in the line will be
carried forward and completed at the
earliest possible date, says the Manila
Times. The department is of the opinion
that the line and all its fixtures will
be completed in at least three months
from the time of the arrival of the lines
and boxes, and the city of Manila will
then have a system of fire and police
alarm equal to anything in the world.
In most of the cities of America the
alarm is given by bells, but the system
that has been secured for the city of
Manila will give the alarm by a whistle
placed on the building of the cold stor-
age plant, which has been arranged to
give the time of day at three different
periods—presumably at 8 A. M. and 2
and 6 P. M. When the alarm of fire
is given the whistle will give the num-
ber of the box which gives the location
of the fire, and those who keep ac-
quainted with the fire-alarm districts
will have no trouble in finding the loca-
tion of the same.

A TILTING BRIDGE.



This peculiar drawbridge may be seen at Evreux in
France. As the picture shows it can be tilted upward to al-
low vessels to pass. Such bridges over small streams, are
not uncommon in France.

THE BOWERY GIRL'S BREAK.

Owen Kildare and "The Party" Find
that True Love Never Runs Smooth.

Listen!
Some fellow says that the course of true love never runs
smooth, and that is why you can never tell raptures and
arupions ahead. There's The Party and Mont Pelée to
prove it.

Yes, The Party and I had a break, and it didn't surprise
me much.
I had been scared right along to see us get on the way we
did, because if there's a man who is Jonahed it's me. I have
that kind of luck that if it was to rain soup I'd be out in it
with a fork instead of a spoon in my hand.
You know I—excepting once—have never been to any of those
swell theatres uptown for many reasons. First, I don't like
the idea of dressing up like a French waiter with one of
those little dinky ties; also, they don't recognize the pro-
fession as much as they ought to and it goes against me to
put up the price of a half week's board for a seat to see a
play which I can see the next season for 10, 20 and 30.
Besides, I am a little old-fashioned and hate to swap old
friends for new ones, thinking that what was good for me as
a kid cannot be bad for me as a man.

So, from the time when I was selling papers up till now
when I am a prominent journalist—I put that down without
smiling—and am writing for the papers I have always stuck
to Tony's and every Monday night sees me up in the little
house in Fourteenth in my accustomed seat on the extreme
left of the family circle.

Naturally, they all know something about The Party, but
they had never seen her; and I thought it was very con-
siderate of the piano-player, who, I thought, was a friend of
mine, to ask me to bring her up.

Up we went, I as proud as a peacock, seeing the effect pro-
duced by The Party. From the fellow in the box-office, past
old Kennedy and escorted by the usher with the Columbia
College hair to our seats it was a regular triumphal pro-
cession.

To get our money's worth we got there early, and as The
Party lost her supper by it I promised to do the honors after
the show.

Everything was lovely until about 7:30 when the under-
study piano-player gets relieved by the real thing in rag-
time, who—as I told you—I thought was a friend of mine.
Of course, as always on a Monday night, he rubbers over
to where he knows I'm sitting and salutes, but this trip his
glance lingers and lingers and I see in a minute that I am
not the focus, but The Party beside me. He lingers so long
that Tony himself peeped out from the first entrance to ascer-
tain the delay.

Now, I know a good deal about The Party, but I never
knew until that night that she had such a string of favorite
tunes. Every pleased thing he played between the acts was,
"Oh, how lovely! that's my favorite air!"
Next, she began to get quite personal and wanted to know
if I knew him or his name, and then got to calling me down
for being cross, as if I didn't have cause for it.

Then came a talking act where he didn't have to play and
what do you think?—he came right over to us and The Party
jabbed me in the side until I had to say:
"Permit me, a friend of mine, Mr. Green."
At that she gives the whole snap away and when he re-
turns to his ragtime too! I sit there with the pleasant pros-
pect of having to pay for his supper also after the show.

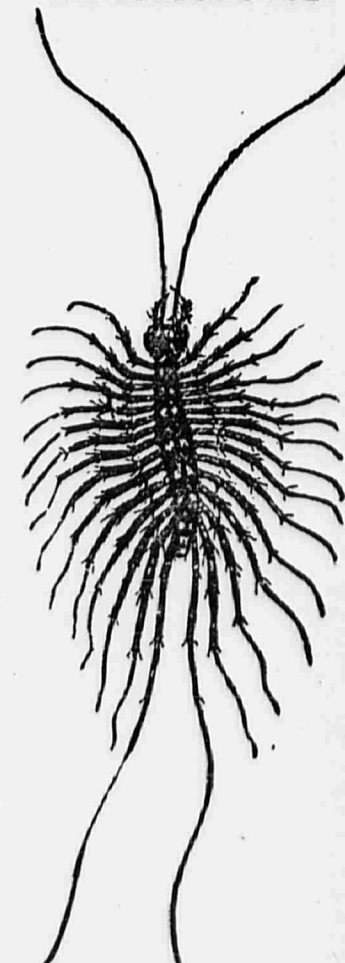
These artists are expensive and, instead of coffee and sink-
ers at Dennett's, we wound up at a place where they serve
a waltz or a polka with every dish. The music is free—until
you get your check.

Do you think I had anything to say during that feed? Not
a word. The two kept chattering away about nothing but
music, and I was on pins and needles lest The Party might
spring something about her accordion playing.

I cut it short at last and got another call-down from The
Party for not shaking hands with "your friend, Mr. Green,"
and then we started for home.
I gave her all the chance in the world to apologize, but
she wouldn't take the chance.
Then, to show her that I also was full of music, I began to
warble a little ditty and she turned to me with: "Oh, please
stop that horridly rasping noise; it is awful after hearing
the real music of Mr. Green."

And now it's all off until The Party apologizes.
Also, I'm going to write to Tony to fire "Mr. Green," and
if he doesn't do it I'll quit the continuous and get pleasure
and a liberal education at the same time from the legitimate
drama.

THE BEDBUG'S FOE.



THE HOUSE CENTIPEDE-ENLARGED.

C. L. Marlatt, first assistant entomolo-
gist, United States Agricultural Department,
whose recent bedbug researches attracted
much attention, has just completed
a study of the house centipede, which he
says has become a common object in
dwelling houses in the Middle and
Northern States. He finds that this in-
sect has a useful role. It is the bedbug's
worst enemy and relishes moths. When
the centipede spies a bedbug it springs
over its prey, inclosing and caging it in
its many legs. Marlatt says the com-
mon idea that the centipede feeds on
household goods and woollen or other
clothing has no basis in fact. This
house centipede belongs to the family of
tropical centipedes and, like them, is
poisonous; but few cases are recorded
of its having bitten a human being.

PEANUTS IN AFRICA.

According to published statistics the
last peanut harvest on the Comorand
coast yielded 49,000 tons, which, with an
oil capacity of 40 per cent, would pro-
duce approximately 19,600 tons, or 110,000
barrels of oil. The oil from this district
has not a particularly good flavor, and
is used for the manufacture of soap,
says the Berlin Nachrichten. The har-
vest matured early this year, and 125,000
bales, sufficient for 20,000 barrels of oil,
were sold for delivery at Marseilles in
February. On the coast of Senegal
60,000 tons of peanuts were harvested.
These nuts do not contain as much oil,
but it is of a finer quality and is used
as a substitute for olives and cottonseed
oil.

TIMELY LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Wants Costumes Changed.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I am a girl. I try to be well dressed.
But I hate the high collars or stocks
girls are doomed to wear nowadays in
the daytime. In olden times we could
wear dresses open at the neck. This
was becoming to nearly all girls and was
very cool. Now we must stifle in chok-
ers. Who will be brave enough to in-
stitute a change?
S. G. R.

Hard to Get Work.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I want to protest against the custom
demanding references at a new place one
goes to. What chance is there for a be-
ginner? None. He is asked for refer-
ences. Never having worked before, he
has no references. He is then placed on

a par with the unworthy man whose
work has not warranted references. Is
this fair? Especially since many em-
ployers give references to men who don't
really deserve the high praise contained
therein. Let there be a change in the
reference system.
HEAD CLERK.

Advices "Victim."

To the Editor of The Evening World:
"Fortchester Victim" complains that
women comment audibly on his good
looks, thus annoying him. How do you
know, victim, that the remarks of the
"female mazers," as you call them, are
addressed to you? If you were not con-
sidered, as I surely think you are, you
would not for one moment think that
their remarks were addressed to you.
If in the future you would not make
any advances, or look or listen to any

remarks that you think are made about
you, I am sure that you would not be
troubled. Why, you ought to be proud
to think that a young lady lowered
herself so much as to admire your great
beauty and stepped down from her lofty
position as a lady to remark that you
were handsome. Pray pardon my can-
ger, and you will oblige one who thinks
you deserve pity.
F. G. D.

A Railroad Suggestion.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
With regard to the New York Central
tunnel nuisance, would it be practicable
to make a cut of the tunnel by remov-
ing the overhead covering of the tunnel?
If not practicable or desirable let them
put a hole through the top of the tunnel
about two or three feet

wide, extending the whole length of the
tunnel. Have improved smoke pipes for
the engines so as to raise or lower them
at will. Have the pipes extend flush
with the hole if necessary by raising the
street crossings a few feet; have the
smokestacks extend the desired height
as the nature of the tunnel would sug-
gest and the height of the smokestack
would allow. It would be possible to
put a groove along the top of the tunnel
and have small wheels attached to each
side of the pipe at this point.
ROBERT MOORE, Fairview, N. J.

It Is Pronounced "See."

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Kindly let me know how "Sionis" is
pronounced.
J. LINDER.